



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

JERSEYS AS DAIRY STOCK.

We last week saw some remarks of our own, and extracts from other writers, in regard to Jersey as dairy stock. These remarks were in reference to what they used to be, and what they might again become by proper care and breeding in reference to the dairy requirements.

In this number we call attention to what we consider another race (not breed) of cattle, viz.: the Jerseys as Dairy Stock. The great excellence of the Jerseys is as butter-makers. They have never been "cracked up" for beef, although they make beef of very excellent quality when fat-tended. They have never been "cracked up" for work, although they will do as much work as any cattle according to their weight and girth. We have a Jersey bull, five years old, that has done as much work, and will now do as much, as any other animal of his size; and work, too, any where you please to put him—in the single yoke alone—in the double yoke with another—in the traces—on the crain, or on the tongue, and at the same time has sired more good butter-makers than any other bull in Maine of any breed or race whatever. After all, they are at present a despised race. The rage for huge piles of beef and elephantine oxen, produced without reference to cost, leads most people to wade their heads at anything of more humble pretensions—and so the gentle, meek and unpretending Jerseys have to work their way into favor by good works rather than stately looks.

A writer in the *Tribune*, T. M. Stoughton of Greenfield, Mass., bears his testimony in their favor as follows:

"My own experience has been with a herd of cows imported and still owned by Mr. Jonathan Bird of Belleville, N. J. The cows were imported from the Island of Jersey, and selected with particular regard to their milking qualities. The herd came under my care in 1856, with the request from Mr. Bird that I should give them the same care and feed as my native and Ayrshire cows, keeping a careful account of the product of the cows by measurement and weight, so as to be able to determine whether they are a profitable breed for butter making. The account has been kept, and the following statement is offered to the *Tribune* as an answer to its inquiry, 'What is a good cow?' and in opposition to its opinion that Alderney cows should be kept for 'private use.'

Cow No. 1 calved in January, 1851; came into my care last May. In June, she made 104 lbs. of butter per week; in July, 104 lbs. per week; in August, 94 lbs. per week; in September, 30 lbs.; October 28, and two weeks in November, 124 lbs.; and calved in December—making 193 lbs. in five months, and was milked four months before she came into my possession.

No. 2 calved in September, 1851, and through the month of October made 114 lbs. of butter per week; in June following, she made 12 lbs. per week; in August, 6 lbs. per week, and calved early in October; making 317 lbs. of butter for the year.

No. 3 was a three years old heifer, calved in September, 1855; in the month of October made 114 lbs. per week, in June following 84 lbs., in August 4 lbs. per week; making 267 lbs. for the year.

No. 4 was a heifer two years old; calved in March, 1858. From the 1st of April to November, she made 200 lbs. of butter. Greatest yield per week, 10 lbs., and made 7 lbs. per week in September.

No. 5, a heifer 18 months old, calved in March, 1858. In the five months following she made 108 lbs. of butter.

The above five are an average of the ten milking cows. Their feed has been pasture only in the summer months; with hay, and two quarts of corn meal and rye middlings, and in the winter months. From the above statement it will be seen that the cows which have come to maturity will make 300 pounds of butter per year under favorable circumstances. Alderney butter sells in the different markets of the country from forty to fifty cents per pound. The best dairies of New York and New England do not average over 200 lbs. per cow (native and Durham). The average price of their butter is not over twenty-five cents per pound.

One of the most important peculiarities of the Alderney cow is her uniformity of quantity; making nearly as much butter at the end of eight months after calving as at four. The objections urged against the Alderney cow are, that she is a voracious feeder, lean, awkward in appearance, and will make but little beef when old.

Admitting the Alderney cow to be a pretty sharp feeder, it can hardly be expected that a cow will make from 10 to 14 pounds of first-rate butter by simply standing in a cold stable, and looking at a bay mow, or by shirking round a stack of swamp hay. That she is inclined to be lean is an evidence that she is a good milk-er; for a cow that secretes fatty matter cannot secrete good milk at the same time without being fed too high for the permanent good of the cow. If she is ugly to look at, she is a good one to go, for she will be worth \$100, when six months old, especially if a heifer. And after being milked twelve or thirteen years, producing over 3,000 pounds of butter, it is of no great consequence whether she makes 600 or 900 pounds of butter."

Mr. Glenn, a breeder of Jerseys near Baltimore, who has practical experience in the master, in a communication to the *American Farmer*, says of them:

"In almost all our books on Cows, the Alderney or Jersey is always mentioned as being the richest milk known. I have never seen a statement showing how rich their milk really is. Supposing that there may be many others in my situation, and thinking that the below may not be entirely uninteresting to yourselves, I take the liberty of enclosing it:

ALDERNEY COW "MILLY."

Nine years old, six months after calving.

Milked:

Feb. 5.	9 lbs. 0 oz.—7 lbs. 4 oz.—15 lbs. 12 oz.
6.	9 " 11 " 4 " 15 " 10 "
7.	10 " 9 " 8 " 15 " 10 "
8.	10 " 4 " 7 " 10 " 17 " 14 "
9.	8 " 14 " 5 " 3 " 17 " 1 " 1 "
10.	10 " 15 " 1 " 3 " 16 " 12 "
11.	10 " 11 " 3 " 1 " 18 " 12 "

The above one week's milk, weighed 126 lbs. 1 oz., yielded 27 lbs. 1 oz. cream, and made 9 lbs. 12 oz. butter. To make 1 lb. butter, it required 6 quarts and a little less than 1 pint of milk.

ALDERNEY COW "FANNY."

Eight years old, one month after calving.

Milked:

July 11.	12 lbs. 14 oz.—14 lbs. 11 oz.—27 lbs. 9 oz.
12.	14 " 5 " 3 " 3 " 24 " 2 "
13.	14 " 3 " 15 " 6 " 29 " 9 "
14.	12 " 10 " 10 " 3 " 26 " 8 "
15.	11 " 2 " 15 " 9 " 28 " 11 "
16.	10 " 12 " 9 " 26 " 11 "
17.	12 " 0 " 1 " 0 " 26 " 0 "

The above one week's milking, weighed 187 lbs. 12 oz., and measured 90 quarts; yielded 28 lbs. 14 oz. cream, which measured 13 quarts, and made 15 lbs. 15 oz. butter. To make 1 lb. butter required 53 quarts milk, and each quart of cream yielded a fraction less than 1 lb. 3 oz. of butter.

"Fanny" was tried again on one day's milk, July 20th; the milk weighed 29 lbs., and yielded 2 lbs. 9 oz. butter, or at the rate of 17 lbs. 15 oz. per week.

These two cows are the richest milkers out of ten, tested at different times during one week each, and at different periods from calving, varying from one to six months. The average of the whole ten was 10 lbs. 34 oz., and the average richness 7.45 quarts of milk to the pound of butter."

TIME TO SET GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT BUSHES.

The gooseberry and currant bushes—the gooseberry especially—put buds early and the leaf drops early at the close of the season. The branches will shed their leaves soon, if they have not already. As soon as this is done in the fall, if you wish to remove any roots it may be done better than in the spring. If you wish to propagate by slips, it may also be done better in the fall than in spring provided you so protect them by matching them with litter of some sort to prevent their being thrown out by the frost. Cut off the slips of proper length, and if at the bottom you take a little of last year's growth it will start early.

Some cut out every bud but one or two at the top. Set them down so as to leave the top eye out of the ground, and mulch them well and leave them till spring. In the spring, look to them and clear away any rubbish that may have accidentally fallen about them, and they will start early.

ELDERBERRY WINE.

A friend in Stetson wishes us to give a recipe for making Elderberry Wine. The following is a very good method of making wine of those berries, and if he finds on trial that it does well, he may send us over a bottle of his best next winter and we will drink success forever to him and his elderberry patch.

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The berries, when ripe, are first picked by the stems, then stripped with the hand, or trimmed close with shears. Next day they are mashed fine, which can be done by means of a stick in the form of a pestle. Let them remain until the next day, when the juice is pressed out slowly in a cheese press, or any other convenient way. Next boil the juice twenty minutes; skin it, and add four pounds of white sugar to a gallon. When milk-warm, add a small piece of white bread crust that has been dipped in yeast. Let it stand three days; remove the crust, and the wine is ready for bottling.

THE WHEAT CROP IN MAINE, &c.

Mr. EDITOR.—Sawing in the Farmer of the last inst., the story of a turtle found by Mr. Moore, induced me to send you mine.

In the summer of 1853, a common small pond turtle came out of a ditch in my meadow, and died; I never saw a turtle before that appeared to a natural death; and casting my eye on it as I passed, was supposed to find it marked, (we often find the box turtle thus engraved: the oldest of these we have seen, was marked with a number of names, over a period of 28 years.)

It was a natural death; and casting my eye on it as I passed, was supposed to find it marked, (we often find the box turtle thus engraved: the oldest of these we have seen, was marked with a number of names, over a period of 28 years.)

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN



AUGUSTA

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1859.

## ARE YOU ALL READY FOR THE FAIR?

Next week commences the series of Farmers' Festivals in Maine, the Cattle Shows and Fairs of the season, and the Maine State Society opens the Ball.

On Tuesday next, the Exhibition of this Society will commence in this city, and, if the weather should be propitious, we shall have a grand display of farm stock in all its departments.

The grounds and the halls are all ready. The exhibition in the halls always varies more or less according to the peculiarities of the season and the condition of business. Thus, in some years fruits and horticultural products are prime and the exhibition rich; in other years the season is not so congenial and the show falls off accordingly. So in the business world; when every trade is busy and all feel the stimulating effects of active demand, every body is wide awake and no pains are spared to show the public what is going on and to exhibit the products of every branch of industry. On the other hand, when business is dull and demand sluggish, there is a corresponding apathy among the people, and the exhibition tells the story. Notwithstanding all this, in a community of "live Yankees," there is always something growing—always something being manufactured, and something prospering, and these annual exhibitions are designed to be public exponents of the true condition and activity of the state.

We trust, therefore, that you will feel and appreciate the advantages of these institutions, and realize that you are individually called upon to bring something of your raising or manufacturing—something that shall prove to the world that

"Robin's alive and alive like to be,"

and that you are no drone in the great hive of humanity; or, if you are, that you are a living drone and can at least add to the music of the occasion by buzzing in chorus with the real workers of the swarm. So, come on and play your part, and while you add to the show in some way, you will have a chance to reap some benefit, either directly or indirectly, by what you see and hear. Nobody, with a pair of eyes and ears and a decent share of brains, can go to a cattle show without learning something valuable.

**DEATH OF JAMES PEDDER.** One of the strong friends of agriculture and agricultural improvements, James Pedder, has passed away to the "better land." Mr. Pedder was formerly editor of the *Farmer's Cabinet*, published for many years in Philadelphia and one of the leading agricultural papers of its day. For the last sixteen years he has been connected with the *Boston Cultivator* whose readers have been instructed with the rich fruits of his long practical experience in rural affairs. He was a careful observer and a pleasing writer. His usefulness was extended until more than fourscore years had passed over him, and he went down to the grave "like a shock of corn fully ripe" for the great harvester of all.

**ARTISTS AT THE STATE FAIR.** The proper authorities at the State House have granted the use of the Senate chamber for the use of those artists who intend to exhibit products of their skill at the State Fair. This is a capital room for that purpose, and we hope that it will be well filled. The height of the walls, and the means of dispensing the light in a proper manner, render it far better for such an exhibition than the Land Office which was used last year.

**CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.** The Boston *Traveller* says:

The action upon the telegraph wires has indubitably settled the question that a simple excess of atmospheric electricity produces the light and all its singular and interesting incidents. In both the recent cases, telegraph lines from east to west could be worked without the batteries, so abundant was the electric fluid moving in that direction, as it then happened. More decisive proof of the character of the phenomenon could not be afforded.

**SICKLES CASE IN ROCKLAND.** The Rockland papers inform us that on the evening of Saturday, Sept. 5th, the cry of "murder" proceeding from the house of Mr. Gilbert U. Rokes, summoned the neighbors to the premises, who found there one Mr. M. W. Farwell who had just suffered a smart paroxysm from the fits of Rokes and was about to receive more treatment of the same sort from an injured husband. Rokes had already given Farwell three hours of beating, and during an intermission of the exercise, while he was getting his son water to bear another drubbing, Farwell escaped, but being overtaken uttered the cry of "murder," which raised the neighbors. Mrs. Rokes, it is said, acknowledges that Farwell ought to have been beaten, and has gone to her father's house. Farwell protests his innocence; and here the account closes.

**AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN CALAIS.** The first meeting for a Cattle Show and Fair was held at Calais Sept. 21. Joseph Granger, Esq., was chosen President, S. T. King, Vice President, G. H. Foster, Secretary, I. D. Sawyer, Collector, and Treasurer.

D. K. Chase, Daniel Hill, and Benjamin Young, Executive Committee.

The second meeting was held on the 10th, when by law was adopted, and it was agreed to hold the fair on the fair grounds at Calais. A list of premiums was adopted and \$350 subscribed. The fair is to be held early in October, and is expected to be a great success.

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**ROCK CANDY FROM THE MAPLE.** Mr. Mark Stevens of Vienna has furnished us with a specimen of maple candy in crystallized form, which is nearly pure white in color, is hard as a rock, and differs very slightly from the rock candy of the Confectioners. Mr. S. manufactured a handsome quantity of sugar in this form. *Rock Maple Candy* is a common article of commerce, but Rock Maple Candy we have never before seen.

**EARLY CLUSTER GRAPE.** On Monday last we were presented with a bunch of the "Early Cluster" variety, grown by our friend F. Neke. To us they were the first fruit of the kind for the season. We like the pure juice of the grape and think friend Neke for his offering. In making it he did well. Who can do better?

**STARBOARD & DODGE.** We have recently taken a fine photographic view of the High and Grammar Schools, Augusta. The view embraces the schools at rooms on the school grounds.

**THE BANGOR HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** The Bangor Horticultural Society will give their annual exhibition at the City Hall in Bangor on Thursday and Friday of this week.

## TRAIN FOR THE STATE FAIR.

During the continuance of the State Fair in this city, commencing on Tuesday next, extra trains will run on the Kennebec & Portland Railroad as follows:

Leave Portland for Augusta, at	6.00 A. M.
" Freeport	7.07
" Bath	6.40
" Brunswick	7.40
" Richmond	8.20
" Gardiner	8.54
" Hallowell	9.10

" Augusta for Portland, Bath and

Brunswick, at 5.00 P. M.

Besides the above, the passenger train, each way, will start at the usual hour, leaving Augusta at 11.30 A. M., and Portland at 1 P. M.

The fares have been reduced to accommodate all who wish to attend the Fair, and tickets good for the trip to Augusta and return, will be sold at the various stations along the road at the following rates:

Portland,	\$2.00	Topsham,	1.00
" Westbrook	2.00	Bowdoinham,	.75
" Falmouth	1.80	Harvard's Road,	.75
" Cumberland	1.75	Richmond,	.50
" Yarmouth	1.60	Dresden,	.50
" Freeport	1.45	So. Gardiner,	.25
" Oak Hill,	1.40	Gardiner,	.25
" Brunswick	1.00	Hallowell,	.15
" Bath,	1.10		

On the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad, trains leave Skowhegan at 9.15 A. M., and Augusta at 3.50 P. M. Due notice will be given of extra trains.

**NORTHWESTERN BOUNDARY DIFFICULTY.** A dispute has recently sprung up concerning the British and American boundary on the Pacific which has assumed some importance from the fact that Gen. Harney of the U. S. Military forces has recently occupied the island of San Juan, the territory in dispute. By the treaty of 1846, the U. S. northwestern boundary was to follow the channel which separates Vancouver's Island from the continent. It happens that between that island and the continent are other islands and two channels. The United States claims that the north channel was contemplated by the treaty; the British authorities on the Pacific claim that the south one was intended. The Islands of San Juan lie between the two, and hence the trouble. We believe there is little doubt about the understanding of the commissioners who made the treaty, but they were not sufficiently precise in putting down the words, and it is the habit of British officials to claim all the advantage they can from circumstances of this character. Maine would never lose a large portion of her own limits in a northeastern boundary dispute if the British had assented to the honest meaning of the treaty which defined the boundary. But we do not approach much trouble from the present case. The territory in dispute is of no great value. Commissioners are now on the ground to run the boundary who are not mixed up with the quarrel. Gen. Harney's movement was effected without obstruction from Washington, and in occupying a country preliminary to negotiations, we but follow British precedent.

**LUMBERING IN MAINE.** One of the editors of the New York *Journal of Commerce* who has recently visited the lumbering regions of this State, remarks as follows:

Lumbering, it is believed, will not be prosecuted by the proprietors of timber lands. Stumpage is the tax exacted from timber owners, and in Maine it is regulated by the market price of lumber at St. John, N. B. It is now \$3 per ton for timber, and \$5 to \$6 per M. for logs? For some years it has been slowly advancing, until it has become so high as to render lumbering a more hazardous and less profitable business than ever, and many who have operated largely in Maine for years past, are now prospecting in the forests of New Brunswick where the rates are far less onerous, though the timber is not as good as in Maine, and the facilities for driving logs less ample.

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# AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## TRAIN FOR THE STATE FAIR.

The election in Maine on Monday last was for State and County officers. The day was a splendid one—light, airy, free from dust and from the discomforts of heat and cold.

In Augusta, the election day was the quietest and most orderly we ever saw. There was no noise or strife or hustling such as too often puts a blemish on the glory of the elective franchise; and the day closed as silently as if no man had cared for the result. And yet a handsome vote was thrown her by both parties.

We have received the following returns from

## LOOK OUT FOR PICKPOCKETS!

Pickpockets always attend State Fairs. We should like to warn our people against them, but have little hope of doing good in that way. No man who has not had his pocket book taken from a secure retreat in his clothes, and no woman who has not lost her purse while her hand was right on it, will believe it possible that hundreds or thousands of dollars can be filched from a crowd made up of persons as watchful and careful as they. But the pickpocket knows well how to turn your watchfulness and carelessness to account. He employs it to tell him where your valuables are, and has confederates and ways and means which insure the bagging of his game.

The business of a pickpocket is one that is carried on with comparative safety now-a-days. The operator is always supported by confederates, and if caught in the act of plundering, has only to give bail and go off to steal more. One of this gang was caught here last year, and being required to give bail in the sum of \$800, deposited that sum with a lawyer who bailed him, and he went on with his robbing. In two days he had taken the amount of his bail from the pockets of honest men at the New Hampshire Fair. It is rare, however, that the pickpocket gets caught.

The trade is not confined to males—the female pickpocket divides the honors of the calling with the sneak of the masculine gender, and will sail through our State House in a few days as gaily as any craft that carries crinoline; and many a fair lady will, too late, learn to know this.

There is but one sure means of avoiding being robbed on occasions of this sort, and that is, to follow the example of the editors and take no money along with you. If your needs require you to take some for expenditure there, take just as little as will answer your purpose. All that you carry in your pockets, and especially your outside pockets, and extra-scarf, should be put in a money belt or a pocket-handkerchief. Many a pickpocket has been captured in this way.

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN

## The Muse.

OCTOBER TO MAY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The day that brightens half the earth  
Is half the day. Ah, sweet!  
One's morning is another's mirth—  
You wear your bright years like a crown—  
While mine, dead garlands, tangle down  
In chains about my feet.

The breeze which wakes the folded flower  
Sweeps dead leaves from the tree;—  
So parting, like the hour  
He to the world wears when  
Brings blossoms and beauty still to you,  
But leaves his bight with me.

The rain which calls the violet up  
Of the moistened mould,  
Shatters the wind-flower's fragile cup;—  
For even Nature has her pets,  
And loves to spare the old.

The shower which makes the bud a rose,  
Bursts the lily bloom.  
I am a lily—so goes it.—  
A lily that has outlived May;—  
You are a blushing rose. *Welladay!*  
I may not give you room!

—*Atlantic Monthly* for September.

## The Story Teller.

### MRS. WALKER'S BETSY.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSWICK.

It is now nearly ten years since I became a summer "fixure" in the little village of Cliff Spring; as teacher in its largest public school. The village itself was devoid of the smallest pretension to beauty, natural or architectural, being at the same time rejoicing in its newness of factory chimneys and curiously flagged depots. But all its surroundings were romantic and lovely in the extreme. Skirting one side was a winding river, bordered with beautiful willows, and on the other a high, thickly wooded, and in many places craggy and precipitous. These woods, in spring and summer, were full of flowers and wild vines; and a clear, cold stream, that had its birth in a cavernous recess among the ledges, dashed over the rocks, and, after many wonderful bends and plunges, found its way to the river. At the foot of the hill wound the railroad track; at some points, nearly filling the space between the brook and the rocks; at others, almost overhanging by the latter. Some of the most delightful walks I ever knew were in this vicinity, and here the whole school would often resort in the warm weather for a Saturday's ramble.

It was upon one of these summer rambles that I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Walker's Betsy. Not that her unenviable name and reputation had been concealed from my knowledge heretofore, for almost from my first introduction to that place, a stream of obloquy, touching that unlucky personage, had been poured in my ears, till her name seemed a synonym for everything evil. It was the one subject upon which church, and sewing societies, and neighborhood cliques, were now divided; upon which gossips were harangued, and quiet people garrulous. But as she was not a member of my class, and, indeed, a very irregular attendant of any class, she had never personally fallen under my observation.

I gathered that her parents had but lately come to live in Cliff-spring, that they were both ignorant and vicious, and that the girl, who, after all, was only Mrs. Walker's by a former marriage, was an arrant compound of mischief and malice—a sort of goblin sprite, with such proclivities to diabolism as had never been known since the era of witchcraft.

In school, her reputation was worst of all. Was a green pumpkin found in the principal's hat, or an ink bottle upset in the water bucket; did a teacher, upon putting on her bonnet, find a nest of young mice suddenly dropping over her neck and shoulders, her shawl extra bordered with ill-scented weed, or her India rubber curiously nailed to the floor—half a hundred juvenile tongues were ready to proclaim Mrs. Walker's Betsy as the undoubted delinquent; and this, despite the fact that very few of these misdeemours were ever proven upon her. But whether proved or not, she accepted their sponsorship all the same, and laughed at or defied her accusers, as her mood might be. That the girl was a character in her way, shrewd and sensible, though wholly unscrupulous, I was well satisfied from all I heard; that she was sly, stubborn and malicious, I believed, I am ashamed to say, upon very insufficient evidence.

"Where can my parasol have gone?" I said as school closed one sultry July day, and I looked from the ante-room, shrinking from an unsheltered walk in the fierce heat. I was sure I had not carried it from home in the morning, and supposed it had been left in the school house over night. The girls of my class constituted themselves a committee of search and inquiry, but to no purpose. The article was not in the house or yard; and then my committee changed themselves to a jury, and, without a dissenting voice, pronounced Mrs. Walker's Betsy guilty of "crushing" my poor little sunshade. She had been seen loitering in the ante-room, and afterward running away in great haste. The charge seemed reasonable enough, but as I could not learn that Betsy had ever been convicted of a theft, though continually suspected, I requested the girls to keep the matter quiet for a few days at least, to which they unwillingly consented.

That evening I had promised to conduct my class to a place in the woods, where on the day previous I had found some beautiful specimens of phlox, on which we were to call botanists in equinoctial. When the sun was near in the west, we set forth, walking' nearly the whole distance in the shadow of the hill. We elated the ridge, rested a moment, and then started in search of the splendid patch of purple blossoms I had accidentally found in taking a short cut over the hill to the house of a friend I was to visit.

"Stop, Miss Burke," came in surprised tones from half my little troop, emerging from a thicket, we came in sight of a queer object, perched upon a little mound, among dead sticks and leaves. It was a diminutive child, who, judging from her face, and not her size, might be eleven or twelve years of age. A little, brown, weird face it was, with keen eyes lightening out from a mass of stringy black hair, that wandered distractingly from the confinement of an old bonnet.

"There's Mrs. Walker's Betsy, I do declare!" whispered Mattie Holmes. "She often goes home from school this way, and now she is playing truant. She'll get a whipping, if her mother finds it out."

"Miss Burke!" interposed another, in an energetic whisper, "see what she has in her hand!" I looked, and there, to be sure, was my lost parasol.

"There now, didn't we say so?" "Don't she look guilty?" "Impudent baggage!" were the low ejaculations of my indignant vigilance committee; but in truth the girl's appearance was unconscious and innocent enough. She sat swaying herself about, opening and shutting the wonderful instrument, holding it between her eyes and the light, to ascertain the quality of the silk, and sticking a pin in the handle, to try if it were ivory, or painted wood.

"Her dash upon her, and see her scamp!" was the most benevolent suggestion presented to my ear.

"No," I said, "I wish to speak with her alone first. All of you stay here out of sight, and I will return presently." They fell back disengaged, and contented themselves with peeping and listening, while I advanced toward the forlorn child, determined to win her confidence so far as to persuade her of my friendly intentions toward her, before referring to the wrong she had done me. She started a little as I approached, thrust the parasol behind her, then pleasantly made room for me on the little hillock where she sat.

"Well, this is a nice lounge," I said dropping down beside her; "just large enough for two, and softer than any *tete-a-tete* in Mrs. Graham's parlor. Now, little girl, I should like to know your name," for I thought it best to feign ignorance of her antecedents.

"Bets!" was the ready reply.

"Bets what?"

"Mrs. Walker, mother says, but I say Arnold. That was my father's name. 'Taint no difference, though. It's Bets, any way."

"Well, Betsy, what do you suppose made this little mound we are sitting upon?" I asked, merely to gain time.

"I never heard," she answered, looking up curiously in my face. "Maybe a rock got covered up and covered over, ever so far down. Maybe an Injun's buried up there."

I told her I had seen large mounds that contained Indian remains, but none so small as this.

"It might a been a baby, though," she returned, digging her brown toes among the leaves, and winking her eyelids roguishly. "A papoose, you know, real little Injun! I wish it had been me, and I'd been buried here, I'd a liked it first rate! Only I wouldn't a wanted the girls should come and set over me."

"Why do you talk so? What makes you wish yourself buried here?" I said.

"Cause I do! It's better to be a dead Injun than a live nigger," she answered, resolutely.

"You're not quite so dark-skinned as that," I said, with considerable gravity.

She burst into a pleasant and musical laugh.

"I wasn't thinking of my skin, and you know it. Mother and old Walker make a nigger of me, and send me to get drink for 'em, when I'd rather get 'em open." The old man drinks, and mother, she's learning, and I expect to take to it limberly. The school girls treat me worse than a nigger, too. If I didn't want so bad to get to read the books father left I'd never go to school another day. I wouldn't so!" And her brown darkened again with evil emotions.

"Did you ever father leave you books?"

"Yes, real good ones. Only they're old and torn some. Mother couldn't sell 'em for nothing; she let me keep 'em. She sold everything else." Then suddenly changing her tone, she asked, slyly:

"You hain't lost anything, have you?"

"Yes," I answered; "I see you have my sunshade."

She held it up, laughing with boisterous triumph. "You left it hanging in that tree yonder," she said, pointing to a low-hanging branch of a tall distance. "It was kind o' careless, too. Spavin it had rained."

Astonishment kept me silent. How could I have forgotten what I now so clearly recalled—hanging the shade upon a tree, the previous afternoon, while I descended a ravine for flowers. I felt humiliated in the presence of the poor little neglected and suspected child.

"Well, Betsy, I was certainly dreadfully careless, and am greatly obliged to you for taking care of lost property. Now I must go with my class, who are waiting for me over yonder. So only a word more, this time, but I will see you again soon. Keep on going to school, and try hard to learn. Don't notice what the girls say, but act rightly, and make them ashamed to plague you. Next term, if you study hard, you will get into my department, and we will see if then if those books can't master very soon. At home, be patient and gentle to your parents, and never, never taste that wretched drink! Good-by."

"Good-by." Her eyelids were winking again, but not this time with mischief. She tossed her ragged bonnet, and, before I had rejoined my ambushed class, was out of sight. Furlorn and friendless little waif, how my heart ached for her!

I found the ambushed face considerably elongated, and much more serious than I had left them; for they had heard every word that passed, and were measurably ashamed of their unjust suspicion. But I do not think they felt any more kindly toward Mrs. Walker's Betsy than before.

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